

PR  
6037  
S64 n

A

0  
0  
0  
5  
6  
2  
0  
1  
3  
3

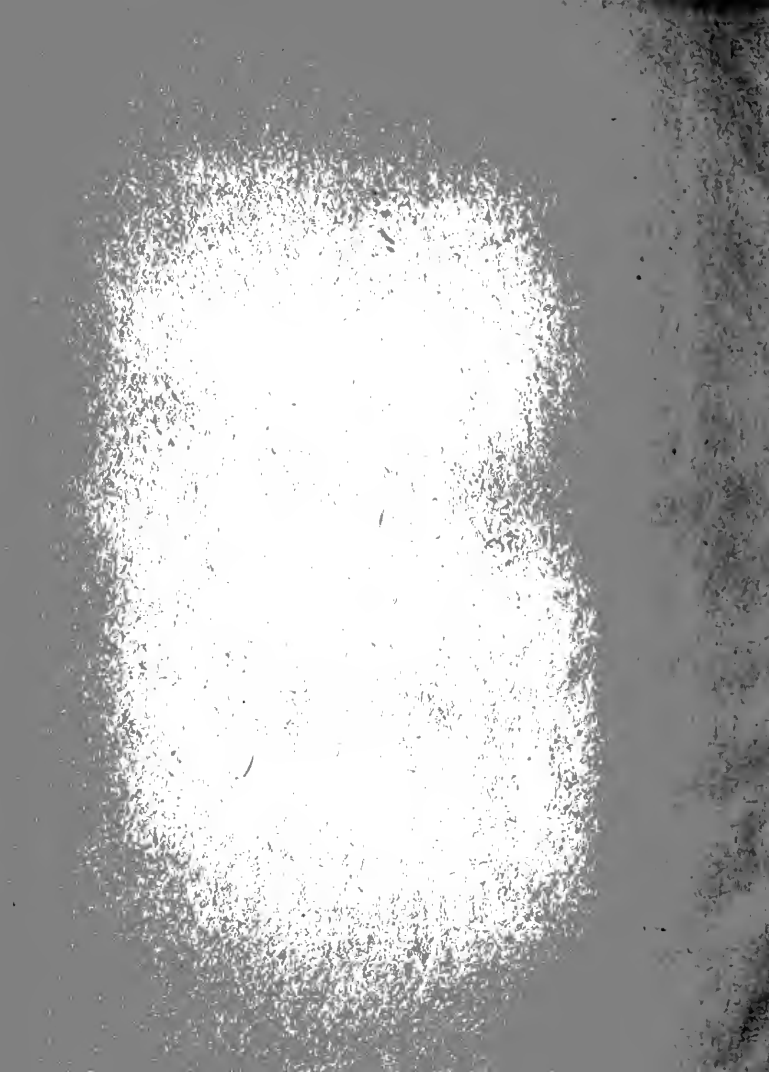


A. SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES





# The Naval Crown

## Ballads and Songs of the War

By C. Fox-Smith



LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET

*An Occasional Miscellany of Prose and Verse.*

\* Also to be had in cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

\*No. 1. THE VIGO VERSE ANTHOLOGY. *[From Early Volumes.]*  
\*No. 2. ILLUSIONS AND IDEALS. By R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.  
\*No. 3. GERMAN LYRICS AND BALLADS. By DAISY BROICHER.  
\*No. 4. AUSTRALIAN IDYLLS. By E. A. HENTY.  
\*No. 5. ENGLISH ECHOES FROM THE QUARTIER LATIN. By K. W. LUNDIE.  
No. 6. ESSAYS IN SONG. By MADAME MURIEL RICHARD.  
\*No. 7. THE RAISED BOOD AND OTHER POEMS. By M. BARTLETT.  
\*No. 8. POEMS. By A. HUGH FRANK.  
\*No. 9. THE REVEREND DIALOGUE, AND OTHER VERSES. By EVANGELINE RYVES.  
\*No. 10. GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN. By W. ROBERT HALL.  
No. 11. IRELAND'S VEILS, AND OTHER POEMS. By ETHEL ROLT-WHEELER.  
\*No. 12. CELTIC MEMORIES, AND OTHER POEMS. By NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR.  
\*No. 13. THE NORTHERN SEA. By JOHN C. TAYLOR.  
\*No. 14. SONGS IN SAIL AND OTHER CHANTIES. By C. FOX-SMITH. *[Second Edition.]*  
\*No. 15. SONGS SATANIC AND CELESTIAL. By LEWIS SPENCE.  
\*No. 16. IN THE FALL OF THE LEAF. By STANHOPE BAYLEY.  
\*No. 17. THE NEW CIRCE. By F. GERALD MILLER.  
\*No. 18. GLIMMER OF DAWN. By LEO C. ROBERTSON.  
\*No. 19. POEMS. By MARGARET CROPPER.  
\*No. 20. ELFIN CHAUNTS AND RAILWAY RHYTHMS.  
\*No. 21. THE LORDS OF THE RESTLESS SEA, AND SONGS OF SCOTLAND. By T. B. HENNELL.

# THE NAVAL CROWN



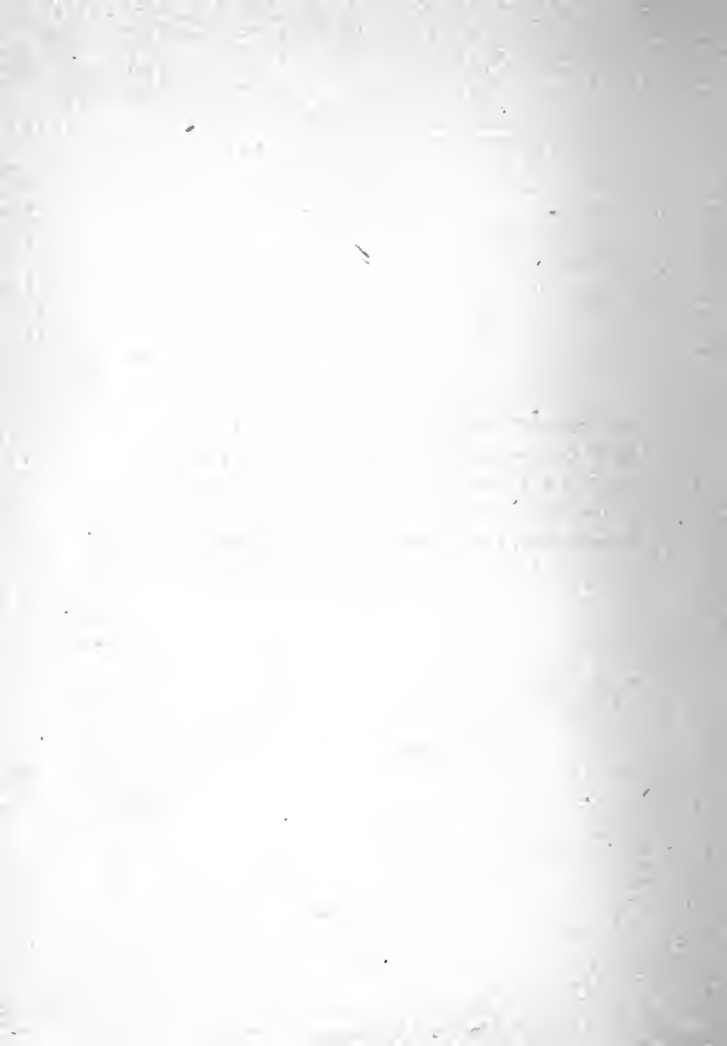


PR

6037

S64 n

THE author's thanks are due to the Proprietors of *Punch* for permission to reprint six of the poems in this volume; also to the Editors of the *Spectator*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Sphere* and *Country Life*, for permission to reprint poems which have appeared in these journals.



# Contents

	PAGE
THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN" . . .	9
BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE, 1915 . . .	13
THE YOUNGER SON . . . . .	16
THE NORTH SEA GROUND . . . . .	19
ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE . . . . .	22
THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL . .	25
THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL . . . . .	28
THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM . .	32
NEWFOUNDLAND'S GIFT . . . . .	36
SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING . . .	39
THE HAPPY WARRIOR . . . . .	41
ARMED MERCHANTMEN : AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG .	43
STORMY DUSK . . . . .	45
THE LOWLAND SEA . . . . .	47
WAR RISKS . . . . .	49
THE PIRATE'S ONLY DELIGHT . . . . .	51
CLARE'S BRIGADE . . . . .	53
THE RECRUIT . . . . .	55
THE KNITTERS . . . . .	57
THE MOUTH-ORGAN . . . . .	59
THE FURROW . . . . .	61
AFTER DARK . . . . .	63



# THE NAVAL CROWN

## The Ballad of the "Eastern Crown"

I'VE sailed in 'ookers plenty since first I went to  
sea—

An' sail or steam, an' good or bad, was all alike to  
me ;

There's some 'ave tried to starve me, an' some 'ave  
tried to drown—

But I never met the equal o' the " Eastern Crown."

'Er funnel's like a chimley, 'er sides is like a tub,  
An' pay is middlin' scanty, an' likewise so is grub ;  
She's 'ard to beat for steerin' bad, she's 'ard to beat  
for grime,

An' rollin' is 'er 'obby—oh, she's rollin' all the time !

## THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN"

Rollin' down to Singapore—rollin' up to Maine—  
Rollin' round to Puget Sound, and then 'ome again !  
A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,  
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green !

We sailed for Philadelphia, New York an' Montreal,  
Dischargin' general cargo at our various ports o' call ;  
We knocked about a year or so 'tween Callao an'  
Nome,  
An' then to Portland, Oregon, to load with deals for  
'ome.

She's met with accidents a few (which is 'er usual  
way) ;  
She scraped the bowsprit off a barque in San Francisco  
Bay ;  
She's shed propeller blades an' plates wherever she 'as  
been . . .  
An' last she's fouled 'er bloomin' screw on a German  
submarine !

Rollin' in the sunshine—rollin' in the rain—  
Rollin' up the Channel—an' we're 'ome again !  
A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,  
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green !

## THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN"

As on the 'igh an' draughty bridge I stood my wheel  
one day,

"If we should sight a submarine" (I 'eard the old man  
say)

"I'd do as Admirals retired an' other folks 'ave said,  
I'd run the old Red Duster up an' ring 'Full speed  
ahead' ;

"I'd sink before I'd 'eave 'er to or 'aul my colours  
down ;

By Gosh, they'll catch a Tartar if they catch the  
'Eastern Crown' !

I've thought it out both 'igh an' low, an' this seems  
best to me—

Pursoo a zig-zag course" ('e says) "an' see what I  
shall see !"

Rollin' through the Doldrums—rollin' in the foam—

Rollin' by the Fastnet—an' we're nearly 'ome :

A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,

An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green !

'E said it, an' 'e meant it, an' 'e acted as 'e said

When sure enough we sighted one abeam o' Lizard  
'Ead ;

## THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN"

You should 'ave 'eard the engines grunt—you should  
'ave seen 'er roll !

She was beatin' all 'er records as they shovelled on  
the coal !

They missed us by a spittin' length—'er rollin' served  
'er well,

But it served 'er better after, as you're goin' to 'ear me  
tell ;

For she some'ow rolled 'erself atop o' the bloomin'  
submarine . . .

An' the oil upon the waters was the last of it we seen.

Rollin' up to London Town (an' down by the bow) ;

Rollin' 'ome to Surrey Docks—ain't we 'eroes now ?

A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,

An' the crew cursin' rosy as she ships it green !



## British Merchant Service, 1915

On, down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day,  
I met a skipper that I knew, and to him I did say :

“ Now what’s the cargo, captain, that brings you up  
this way ? ”

“ Oh, I’ve been up and down (he said) and round  
about also . . .

From Sydney to the Skager-rack, and Kiel to  
Callao . . .

With a leaking steam-pipe all the way to Cali-  
forn-i-o. . . .

“ With pots and pans and ivory fans and every kind of  
thing,

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE, 1915

Rails and nails and cotton bales and sewer-pipes  
and string—

But now I'm through with cargoes, and I'm here to  
serve the King !

“ And if it's sweeping mines (to which my fancy some-  
what leans)

Or hanging out with booby traps for the skulking  
submarines . . .

I'm here to do my blooming best and give the beggars  
beans !

“ A rough job and a tough job is the best job for  
me,

And what or where I don't much care, I'll take what  
it may be,

For a tight place is the right place when it's foul  
weather at sea !”

\* \* \* \* \*

There's not a port he doesn't know from Melbourne  
to New York ;

He's as hard as a lump of harness-beef and as salt as  
pickled pork ;

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE, 1915

And . . . he'll stand by a wreck in a murdering gale,  
and count it part of his work !

He's the terror of the foc's'le when he heals its various  
ills

With turpentine and mustard leaves and poultices and  
pills . . .

But he knows the sea like the palm of his hand, as a  
shepherd knows the hills.

He'll spin you yarns from dawn to dark . . . and half  
of 'em are true !

He swears in a score of languages, and maybe talks in  
two! . . .

And he'll lower a boat in a hurricane to save a  
drowning crew !

A rough job or a tough job—he's handled two or  
three,

And what or where he won't much care, nor ask what  
the risk may be . . .

For a tight place is the right place when there's wild  
weather at sea !

## The Younger Son

THE Younger Son he's earned his bread in ways  
both hard and easy  
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to  
Zambesi;  
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's  
best,  
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time  
enough to rest!

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the  
world been using you?  
Thought you were in Turkestan or China or  
Peru!"—  
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons  
stray . . .  
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

## THE YOUNGER SON

He's left the broncos to be bust by who in thunder  
chooses ;

He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's  
caboozes ;

He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavie, pick  
and plough,

For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs  
him now !

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha'  
thought of meeting you !

What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"

It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons  
stray,

But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way !

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here  
and yonder,

No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide  
to wander ;

For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of  
life is best,

And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time  
enough to rest.

## THE YOUNGER SON

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long fare-  
well to you

(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuctoo) !  
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is  
best,

When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to  
rest !

## The North Sea Ground

OH, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may find,  
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby girls  
are kind ;

An' Grimsby lads have never yet been lads to lag  
behind

When there's men's work doin' on the North  
Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . for the high tide's  
flowin',

An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin' ;

Skipper's come aboard, an' it's time that we were  
goin',

An' there's fine fish waitin' on the North  
Sea ground !

## THE NORTH SEA GROUND

Soles in the Silver Pit . . . an' there we'll let 'em  
lie !

Cod on the Dogger . . . oh, we'll fetch 'em by an' by !  
War on the waters . . . an' it's time to serve an'  
die,

For there's wild work doin' on the North Sea  
ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . they want you at  
the trawlin'

(With your long sea-boots an' your tarry old tar-  
paulin) ;

All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin',

In the winter's weather off the North Sea  
ground.

It's well we've learned to laugh at fear (the sea has  
taught us how) ;

It's well we've shaken hands with death—we'll not be  
strangers now,

With death in every climbin' wave before the trawler's  
bow,

An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North  
Sea ground.



## THE NORTH SEA GROUND

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the English  
sea ;

Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they  
may be ;

The sea it is their highway, and we've got to sweep  
it free

For the ships passin' over on the North Sea  
ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . for the sea wind's  
cryin',

"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are  
flyin'"—

An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',

Oh, the dead lyin' quiet on the North Sea  
ground !

## Royal Naval Reserve

WHITE Star, Cunard,  
Great ships and small—  
Gallant British merchantmen,  
Here's to each and all !  
Union Castle, Orient,  
From Shanghai to Dover,  
Fighting British merchantmen  
All the world over !

\* \* \* \* \*

What is the house-flag ? . . .  
The same that's yours and mine—  
In fair weather and foul weather  
The flag of the British Line !

What trade is this ye sail in ? . . .  
An ancient trade and bold ;

## ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE

Drake's trade, Blake's trade  
It was in days of old—

To mar the might of tyrants,  
To keep the highway free,  
And hold against all comers  
The lordship of the sea !

Whence comes your right of service ? . . .  
By right of breed and birth !  
And where had ye your schooling ? . . .  
In all the seas of earth ;

'Tween the Lizard and Cape Leeuwin,  
From the Fastnet to the Horn,  
We learnt the stern old lessons  
None learn but seamen born.

What cargo do ye carry ? . . .  
Full freight of death and fame,  
And the men of the White Ensign  
Of the Red shall think no shame !

## ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE

When the day is darkened with battle,  
And the seas are sown with the dead,  
The pride of the White Ensign  
Shall be the pride of the Red !

Honour and pride both far and wide,  
Where'er the salt tides run,  
And a long sleep, the last sleep,  
For them whose watch is done !

\* \* \* \* \*

Cunard, White Star,  
Great ships and small—  
Gallant British merchantmen,  
Here's to each and all !  
Royal Mail, P. and O.,  
From Shanghai to Dover,  
Fighting British merchantmen  
All the world over !

## The “Orion’s” Figurehead at Whitehall

ALL wind and rain, the clouds fled fast across the  
evening sky—

Whitehall aglimmer like a beach the tide has late left  
dry—

And there I saw the figurehead which once did grace  
the bow

Of the old bold “Orion”—

The fighting old “Orion” in the days that  
are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all of those great  
fights of old

And ships from out whose oaken sides Trafalgar’s  
thunder rolled ;

## THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL

There was "Ajax," "Neptune," "Temeraire,"  
"Revenge," "Leviathan,"

With the old bold "Orion"—

The fighting old "Orion" when "Victory"  
led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now . . . but still the  
names they bore

And still the hearts that manned them live to sail the  
seas once more—

To sail and fight, and watch and ward, and strike as  
stout a blow

As the old bold "Orion,"

The fighting old "Orion" in the wars of  
long ago.

They watch, the gaunt grey fighting ships, in silence  
bleak and stern ;

They wait (not yet, not yet has dawned the day for  
which they burn) :

They're watching, waiting for the word that sets their  
thunders free,

Like the old bold "Orion,"

The fighting old "Orion" when Nelson  
sailed the sea.

## THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT WHITEHALL

Oh, waiting is a weary game—but Nelson played it  
too!

And be it late or be it soon, such work is yet to do  
Your starry namesake never saw who walked the  
midnight sky

(Old bold "Orion"—

Fighting old "Orion"!) in the great old  
years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game we'll play it with  
the best;

Or be the game a watching game we'll watch and  
never rest;

But the fighting game it pays for all when the guns  
begin to play

(Ah, bold "Orion"—

Fighting old "Orion"! like the guns of  
yesterday!).

[NOTE.—It appears likely that the Whitehall figurehead belonged in fact to a later ship than the Trafalgar "Orion." But as a link between the old and the new Navy its significance is little different.]

## The Return of the Prodigal

I RODE into Pincher River on an August afternoon—

The pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy tune—

By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the Athabasca Saloon.

And a bunch of the boys was standing around by the old Scotch Store,

Standing and spitting and swearing by old Macallister's door,

And the name on their lips was Britain—the word that they spoke was “War” !



## THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

War ! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about wrong  
or right

When I knew my own old country was up to the neck  
in a fight ?

I said " So long "—and I beat it—" I'm hitting the  
trail to-night ! "

I wasn't long at my packing ; I hadn't much time to  
dress ;

And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot (more  
or less),

So I didn't wait for my ticket—I booked by the  
hoboes' express.

I rode the bumpers at night-time ; I beat the ties in  
the day,

Stealing a ride and bumming a ride all of the blooming  
way,

And . . . I left the First Contingent drilling at Val-  
cartier !

I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by  
me !)

## THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and greasy  
and grimy,

And she wanted hands for the voyage, and the old  
man guessed he'd try me.

She kicked like a ballet dancer or a range-bred bronco  
mare ;

She rolled till her engines rattled—she wallowed, but  
what did I care ?

It was, " Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you'll take  
me there ! "

Then . . . came an autumn morning, grey-blue, windy  
and clear,

And the fields—the little white houses—green, and  
peaceful, and dear—

And the heart inside o' me saying : " Take me,  
Mother, I'm here !

" Here, for I thought you'd want me ; I've brought  
you all that I own,

A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle  
and bone—

Six foot two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen  
stone !

## THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

Here, and I hope you'll have me—take me for what  
I'm worth,  
A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the ends of  
the earth,  
To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old  
land of his birth !”

## The Ballad of the Hun King's Dream

ABOUT the dead dark o' the night,  
Ere the first cock clapped his wing,  
The Hun Lord's soul had wandered far—  
A shrunk and wizened thing—

Beyond Polaris and the Plough,  
And the cold Northern Crown,  
Where white in spate the Milky Way  
O'er the lip of space pours down.

East o' the Sun, West o' the Moon,  
In a twilit land walked he,

## THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM

The same where vagrant souls do range  
When sleep has set them free—  
And a shadowy guide went at his side  
Whose face he might not see.

And first there was a place of thorns,  
And then a salt sea-shore,  
And then a river dark and wide  
That no man might cross o'er ;  
And the wind blew, the wind blew  
As it could blow no more.

“What thorns be these, so long and keen,  
That bite me to the bone?” . . .  
Oh, these be thorns of hate and lies  
Which you on earth have sown.

“What sea is this before my feet  
That has so salt a tide?” . . .  
Oh, that is the flood of women's tears  
That fall and are not dried ;

## THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM

They weep, and, weeping, name his name  
Through whom their dear ones died.

“What stream is this so dark and deep  
That laps me to the chin?” . . .  
Oh, that is the river of men's blood  
Who perished by your sin.

There is no boat shall ferry you,  
No ford shall bring you through  
The red river that runs away  
Between your God and you.

There was no light in all that land  
But the far glare of Mars ;  
And the wind blew, the wind blew,  
It shook the fixed stars.

And in that wind the shivering soul  
Like a dry leaf was driven . . .  
“What wind is this, what fearful wind,  
That rocks the stars in Heaven?”

## THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM

Oh, that is the breath of a dead mother  
With a dead babe at her side,  
Beneath your iron heel who lay,  
And cursed you as she died !

## Newfoundland's Gift

GIFTS from a full garner—wealth from a brimming  
store—

How shall these things be offered from a seagirt land  
and poor?

I—who have neither gold nor jewels, cattle nor  
corn—

I (says Newfoundland) give the lads I have borne !

Toll o' the Banks when the white fog spins a shroud  
there,

Toll o' the Gulf when the Fundy gales are loud  
there,

Toll o' the ice-pack grinding south by Labrador—

These things have I paid . . . yet will not grudge  
my part in war.



## NEWFOUNDLAND'S GIFT

Bone o' my bone — and in bitter pain I bare  
them !

Blood o' my blood—oh, it's cruel hard to spare  
them !

Splendid sons of seamen — more than life to  
me—

No new thing is sacrifice to them which use the  
sea !

Salt is the sea-crust on our land's wave-fretted  
shore ;

Salt, salt seas, they bring our seamen home no  
more,

Salt, salt winds, they'll blow them home no more to  
me—

Well we know the taste of it whose menfolk use the  
sea !

Bone o' my bone—and the salt sad tides roll over  
them ;

Heart o' my heart—oh, the wide cold seas 'll cover  
them !

## NEWFOUNDLAND'S GIFT

Gold and gear I give not . . . life and love and all  
to me,

*These* I give to England . . . to England and the  
sea !

## Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning

OH, where is the lad that's far away? . . .  
And what of the one that sails the sea? . . .  
Oh, how will they keep Saint Patrick's Day,  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning?

There's some will hear the great guns' din  
At the break o' day their tune begin,  
And the snipers welcome the daylight in  
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

And be they far or be they near,  
Upon that day they'll keep good cheer,  
And make the foe that meets them fear  
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING

There's some will watch the fleet that lurks  
By harbour, mine and fortress works,  
And some will hammer the heathen Turks  
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

Oh, far and near their watch is set,  
But be they cold, or be they wet,  
Will there a man of them all forget  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning ?

Ay, some there'll be so sound who sleep  
In the fields o' France or the waters deep,  
They will not know that their kinsmen keep  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning.

Sweet is the sleep of them, far away ;  
And how should they heed if a man should say :  
" Oh, don't you remember Saint Patrick's Day,  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning ? "

# The Happy Warrior

*(April 23<sup>rd</sup>)*

## I

HERE, a soldier plain, I kneel,  
Sword on thigh, spur on heel.

If I fall or if I stand,  
Lord, my times are in Thy hand.

Three things beneath the sun,  
These I'll ask, and so have done.

Clean hand, clean sword,  
And a clean heart to serve Thee, Lord !

## II

When Spring's turned and Winter's done,  
Life in every bough does run.

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Very sweet the Spring sky . . .

Shall a man desire to die,

Die, and be no more seen

Where streams run and fields are green,

And the birds do sing shrill

Mating songs in April ?

Should a man not fear to fall,

Lord, Lord . . . if life were all ? . . .

## Armed Merchantmen : an Old Song Re-sung

By the Liverpool Docks at the break of the day,  
I saw a flash packet, bound westward away ;  
And well did I mark how each new-mounted gun  
Like silver did gleam in the first morning sun.

Bound away, bound away, where the wide waters  
    flow,  
She's a Liverpool packet—oh, Lord, let her go !

For thieves be abroad on the ocean highway  
To harass our traders by night and by day,  
But let such attempt her, to take or assail,  
They may find to their cost she's a sting in her tail.

## ARMED MERCHANTMEN : AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

She's a crack ocean liner—now catch her who can!—  
Her crew are true British and game to a man ;  
The pirates of Potsdam had best have a care—  
She's the Navy's stepdaughter, and touch her who  
dare !

Bound away, bound away, with a bone in her mouth,  
She passes the Bar light, she turns to the south,  
A Liverpool packet that stays for no foe—  
Safe, safe on her journey, oh, Lord, let her go !

Bound away, bound away, where the wide waters  
flow,  
She's a Liverpool packet—oh, Lord, let her go !



## Stormy Dusk

TO-NIGHT the dark came stormy down,  
The sun went red to rest ;  
And fleets of clouds like battleships  
Filled all the burning West.  
The wind was rising to a gale,  
It howled in hedge and tree . . .  
And it's cold, bitter cold,  
Where our sailormen must be,  
Oh, it's bitter cold this night  
In the wild North Sea !

To-night I heard the church clock strike  
Across the gusts of storm . . .  
And I thought how go the hours at sea  
While we are sheltered warm . . .  
I prayed God guard our ships at sea  
And keep them from all harm. . .

## STORMY DUSK

And guide them through the pitch-black tides  
Where the drifting death may be,  
And give them soon a safe return  
And a fruitful victory . . .  
And Christ our Lord who walked of old  
On waves of Galilee,  
Be near our men this night  
In the wild North Sea !

## The Lowland Sea

OH, sailed you by the Goodwins,  
Oh, came you by the Sound?  
And saw you there my true love,  
That was homeward bound?

“ Oh, never will he anchor  
Again in English ground ;  
A-sailing by the Lowlands  
Your sailorman is drowned.

“ They gave his ship her death-blow  
As she was sailing by,  
And every soul aboard her,  
Oh, they left them all to die.

## THE LOWLAND SEA

“ They were not common pirates  
Nor rovers of Sallee . . .  
But gentlemen of high estate  
Come out of Germanie !”

It was no worthy gentleman,  
Though he were crownéd King ;  
It was no honest seaman  
That wrought so vile a thing.

But the foulest of all pirates  
That ever sailed the sea . . .  
And they should swing as pirates swing  
Upon the gallows tree,  
A-sailing by the Lowlands  
That took my lad from me !

## War Risks

"LET go aft!" . . . and out she slides,  
Pitching when she meets the tides . . .  
She for whom our cruisers keep  
Stately vigil in the deep . . .  
Sink or swim, lads, war or no,  
Let the poor old hooker go!

Soon, hull down, will England's shore,  
Smudged and faint, be seen no more;  
Soon the following gulls return  
Where the friendly dock-lights burn;  
Soon the cold stars, climbing high,  
March across the empty sky . . .  
Empty seas before her bow  
(Lord, she's on her lonesome now!).

## WAR RISKS

When the white fog, stooping low,  
Folds in darkness friend and foe . . .  
When the fast great liners creep  
Veiled and silent through the deep . . .  
When the hostile searchlight's eye  
Sweeps across the midnight sky . . .  
Lord of light and darkness, then  
Stretch Thy wing o'er merchantmen !

When the waters known of old  
Death in dreadful shape may hold . . .  
When the mine's black treachery  
Secret walks the insulted sea . . .  
(Lest the people wait in vain  
For their cattle and their grain)  
Since Thy name is mercy, then,  
Lord, be kind to merchantmen !

## The Pirate's Only Delight

HEY, bullies, ho, bullies, what have ye seen,  
Flying with the seagulls where the seas are green?

Oh, I saw a ship a-sinking,  
And the sight it pleased me well  
(Says Teach the pirate, drinking  
Red wine in Hell).

Hey, bullies, ho, bullies, what about the crew?  
There were men that watched 'em drowning as we  
often used to do.

A fine sport for sharing,  
A rare tale to tell  
(Says Teach the pirate, baring  
Yellow fangs in Hell).

## THE PIRATE'S ONLY DELIGHT

Hey, bullies, ho, bullies, saw you aught beside ?  
Oh, we saw a drowned girl there drifting on the tide !

A sight to split you laughing,  
A sweet thing to tell  
(Says Teach the pirate, quaffing  
Red wine in Hell).



## Clare's Brigade

MEN of the old grievous battles, men of Clare's  
Brigade,

Do ye hear the troops marching through the land  
where ye are laid,

Far from the clear running brooks, the dappled sun  
and shade

On the fair green hills of holy Ireland ?

Ah, but not in the old fashion (men of Clare's  
Brigade!),

Not in the sorrow of exile your kinsmen draw the  
blade,

For the old trouble's ended now, its grey ghost is laid  
On the fair green hills of holy Ireland.

## CLARE'S BRIGADE

There shall be pride and love there where sorrow  
dwelt before ;

Kind peace shall be her portion, ay, peace from  
shore to shore,

And Patrick's plant springing there, springing ever-  
more

On the fair green hills of holy Ireland !

## The Recruit

BAT and ball are there, lad,  
And you not there to play . . .  
“ There’s a nobler game playing  
For English lads to-day.”

And if your mates miss you  
As they are like to do ? . . .  
“ If my mates were men, lad,  
They’d ha’ ’listed too.”

What will your dad say  
That is old and grey ? . . .  
“ Oh, he’d give life and all, lad,  
To be young this day.”

## THE RECRUIT

Was your mother not weeping

As you marched away? . . .

“ Ay, weeping she kissed me

As a lad's mother may.”

And what 'll your girl say then

That used to walk with you? . . .

“ Perhaps she'll walk lonely

For she loves me true.

“ But parents both and sweetheart,

All have said the same—

‘ If you hadn't gone, lad,

I'd ha' died for shame ! ’ ”

## The Knitters

IN streets that are humming  
    With the city's stir . . .  
Or where leaves fall rustling  
    Through the quiet air . . .  
There are women knitting  
    Everywhere . . .

Knitting and waiting  
    Through hours like years—  
Not with loud grieving  
    Nor sighing nor tears—  
In their hands the needles  
    Flash like spears.

## THE KNITTERS

Every thread a sorrow,

Every strand a prayer—

(“ Oh, where sleeps my dear one ?

Or how does he fare ? ”)

There are women knitting

Everywhere . . .

## The Mouth-Organ

OH, there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't no  
'Ighland pipers

To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Chapelle  
an' Wipers ;

So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the 'eart  
o' man—

Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e does the best 'e  
can.

There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns  
'ave sent 'em flyin',

An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin'  
shells a-cryin' ;

The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked it, an' the blackbird's 'ad  
to flit . . .

So Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e ups an' does 'is bit.

## THE MOUTH-ORGAN

'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh an'  
soary ;

'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloomin' re-  
pertory ;

But when 'e's played the lot, why, then 'is course is  
straight an' plain,

'E starts at the beginnin' an' 'e plays 'em all again !

'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in  
the trenches ;

'E's played 'em to the Gurkhas, an' 'e's played 'em to  
the Frenchies ;

'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle-deep in  
slime,

But Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e's at it all the time.

Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may betide  
'im,

'E'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is left  
inside 'im ;

And when we march up Potsdam Street an' goosestep  
through Berlin,

Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e'll play the Army  
in !



## The Furrow

AN old horse to the furrow—an old man to the  
plough—

For the young horse and the young lad, they're  
needed yonder now—

The horse, so young and mettled he scarce had  
known the rein,

That shook his feathered fetlocks and tossed his  
streaming mane—

The lad that used to drive him, so strong and  
straight and tall,

That dressed him fine with ribbons and groomed  
him in the stall.

## THE FURROW

Ah, there as here, old Captain, we know, both I and  
you,

He'll drive a straight furrow as he always used to do !

The clods before the ploughshare fall heavily apart,  
But never a clod among them so heavy as my heart,

To smell the clean earth breaking and the kind  
country smells,  
And think o' the stink and reek there, and the  
bursting o' the shells.

An old horse to the furrow—an old man to the  
plough—

And the young horse and the young lad . . . how  
fare they yonder now ?

## After Dark

UNDER the blue sky,  
And the white clouds sailing high,  
Where the gallant wind went by,  
A bird sang on—sang on  
Till the day (too soon) was done.

And the daylight died  
From the fields and the hillside,  
And the moorland bare and wide . . .  
But the bird sang on—sang on  
Long after the light was gone—

Like a voice that said :  
“ Oh, you who weep your dead,  
Be comforted—be comforted !  
For the deed lives on—lives on  
Long after the life is gone ! ” . . .

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,  
DUKE STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E., AND GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W.

# The Vigo Cabinet Series

An Occasional Miscellany of Prose and Verse

Royal 16mo. One Shilling net, each Part.



LONDON : ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET, W.

# THE VIGO CABINET SERIES

*An Occasional Miscellany of Prose and Verse*

Royal 16mo. One Shilling net, each Part

**\* Also to be had in Cloth, 1s. 6d. net**

- No. 1. THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY. By CANON SKRINE.  
No. 3. SILENCE ABSOLUTE. By F. E. WALROND.  
No. 6. THE CYNIC'S BREVIARY. Maxims and Anecdotes from  
NICOLAS DE CHAMFORT.  
\*No. 7. URLYN THE HARPER. By W. W. GIBSON. [*Second Edition.*  
No. 8. IBSEN'S LYRICAL POEMS. Trans. by R. A. STREATFEILD.  
\*No. 9. THE QUEEN'S VIGIL. By W. W. GIBSON. [*Second Edition.*  
No. 10. THE BURDEN OF LOVE. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.  
No. 11. THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN. By E. MOORE.  
No. 12. VERSES. By E. H. LACON WATSON.  
\*No. 13. BALLADS. By JOHN MASEFIELD. [*Second Edition.*  
No. 14. POEMS. By HAROLD MONRO.  
No. 15. DANTESQUES. By GEORGE A. GREENE.  
\*No. 17. THE TABLES OF THE LAW, AND THE ADORATION  
OF THE MAGI. By W. B. YEATS.  
No. 18. STANDARDS OF TASTE IN ART. By E. S. P. HAYNES.  
No. 19. FROM A CLOISTER. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.  
No. 20. SONGS AND SONNETS. By EVA DOBELL.  
No. 22. A FLOCK OF DREAMS. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.  
No. 23. SOUNDS AND SWEET AIRS. By JOHN TODHUNTER.  
\*No. 24. THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN AND RIDERS TO  
THE SEA. By J. M. SYNGE. [*Fifth Thousand.*  
No. 25. LOVE'S FUGITIVES. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.  
No. 26. AN AUTUMN ROMANCE. By ALICE MADDOCK.  
No. 27. THE TRAGEDY OF ASGARD. By VICTOR PLARR.  
No. 28. THE NETS OF LOVE. By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.  
\*No. 29. POEMS IN PROSE. From CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Trans-  
lated by ARTHUR SYMONS. [*Second Edition.*  
No. 30. SEA DANGER, AND OTHER POEMS. By R. G. KEATINGE.  
No. 31. SHADOWS. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.  
No. 32. AN HOUR OF REVERIE. By F. P. STURM.  
No. 33. POEMS BY AURELIAN.  
\*No. 34. SOME POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON: Newly Selected.  
With an Introduction by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.  
No. 35. WHISPER! By FRANCES WYNNE.  
No. 36. THE TENT BY THE LAKE. By FRED. G. BOWLES.  
No. 38. THE GATES OF SLEEP. By J. G. FAIRFAX.  
No. 39. THE LADY BEAUTIFUL. By FRANCIS ERNLEY WALROND.  
No. 40. A WINDOW IN WHITECHAPEL. By ISABEL CLARKE.

- No. 41. POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. By ARUNDELL ESDAILE.
- \*No. 42. RAINBOWS AND WITCHES. By WILL H. OGILVIE.
- No. 43. STRAY SONNETS. By LILIAN STREET.
- No. 44. THE HEART OF THE WIND. By RUTH YOUNG.
- No. 45. THE BRIDGE OF FIRE. By JAMES FLECKER.
- No. 46. SYLVIA'S ROSE AND THE MAY MOON. By G. HUDSON.
- No. 47. THE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. By ALICE MADDOCK.
- No. 48. CŒDMON'S ANGEL. By KATHARINE A. MURDOCH.
- No. 49. FRIENDSHIP. By LILIAN STREET.
- \*No. 50. CHRISTMAS SONGS AND CAROLS. By AGNES H. BEGBIE. With seven Illustrations by EDITH CALVERT.
- No. 51. A CHRISTMAS MORALITY PLAY FOR CHILDREN. By the Hon. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON.
- No. 52. DAY DREAMS OF GREECE. By CHARLES W. STORK.
- \*No. 53. THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYÂM. From a Literal Prose Translation by EDWARD HERON-ALLEN. Done into Verse by ARTHUR B. TALBOT.
- No. 54. VOX OTIOSI. By DAVID PLINLIMMON.
- \*No. 55. RIVER MUSIC, AND OTHER POEMS. By W. R. TITTERTON.
- No. 56. VANDERDECKEN. By GILBERT HUDSON.
- No. 57. THE PHILANTHROPISTS. By RUTH YOUNG.
- \*No. 58. GERMAN LYRISTS OF TO-DAY. By DAISY BROICHER.
- \*No. 59. PHANTASIES. By GERTRUDE H. WITHERBY.
- No. 60. THREE POEMS. By CHARLES F. GRINDROD.
- No. 61. VERSE PICTURES. By E. HERRICK.
- No. 62. RHYMES IN A GARDEN. By B. G. BALFOUR.
- No. 63. RUPERT, AND OTHER DREAMS. By LILIAN STREET.
- \*No. 64. SONGS AND SONNETS. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.
- \*No. 65. EXTANT POEMS OF SAPPHO. By PERCY OSBORN.
- \*No. 66. BAUDELAIRE: THE FLOWERS OF EVIL. Translated into English Verse by CYRIL SCOTT.
- \*No. 67. VANITIES. By Ff. A. WOLFE.
- \*No. 68. THE FAIRY RING: A PLAY. By GERTRUDE H. WITHERBY.
- \*No. 69. POEMS OF EMPIRE. By G. B. HEWETSON.
- No. 70. THE BALLAD OF JOHN DUNN. By CHARLES KINROSS.
- \*No. 71. TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF STEFAN GEORGE. By CYRIL SCOTT.
- \*No. 72. SONGS OF AWAKENING. By W. R. CAREY.
- \*No. 73. POEMS. By the Hon. ELEANOUR NORTON.
- \*No. 74. PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES. By E. HERRICK.
- No. 75. IN THE NET OF NIGHT. By W. W. MARSH.
- \*No. 76. THE FLAME. By E. HAMILTON MOORE.
- \*No. 77. LE ROI D'YS, AND OTHER POEMS. By LEWIS SPENCE.
- \*No. 78. NOMAD SONGS. By ISABEL CLARKE.
- \*No. 79. CONFESSIONAL, AND OTHER POEMS. By WILFRID THORLEY. With a Preface by MAURICE HEWLETT.
- \*No. 80. ANGELS AND SYMBOLS. By A. V. MONTGOMERY.
- \*No. 81. SONGS OF THE BIRDS. By IDA NORMAN.
- \*No. 82. THE SONG OF A TRAMP, AND OTHER POEMS. By CONSTANCE MORGAN.

- \*No. 83. THE DREAM-MERCHANT, AND OTHER POEMS. By  
BLANCHE EDWARDS.
- \*No. 84. THE GREEN FIELDS. By KENNETH HARE.
- \*No. 85. CORONATION POEM AND LOVE SONGS. By K. H.  
D. CECIL.
- \*No. 86. SIX LYRICS. From the Ruthenian of TARÁS SHEVCHÉNKO.  
Translated by E. L. VOYNICH.
- No. 87. UNDER THE SWEDISH COLOURS. A Short Anthology  
of Swedish Poets. Done into English Verse by FRANCIS  
A. JUDD.
- No. 88. MILES STANDISH. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Dramatised  
for performance by EDITH ASHBY.
- No. 89. THE LURE OF EARTH. By CHARLES E. MOYSE.
- \*No. 90. ESCAPADES. By V. TAUBMAN GOLDIE.
- \*No. 91. PUCK'S FLIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN  
RODBOROUGH.
- No. 92. THE WATER CARRIER OF VENICE. By RUTH YOUNG.
- No. 93. AT THE WORLD'S EDGE, AND OTHER VERSES. By  
MARIA S. STEUART.
- No. 94. A MERE SONG. By MURIEL ELSIE GRAHAM.
- \*No. 95. A SINGER OF DREAMS. By STANHOPE BAYLEY.
- No. 96. THE COMFORT-LADY, AND OTHER VERSES. By  
C. A. NICHOLSON.
- \*No. 97. ANIMA FANCIULLA. By STANHOPE BAYLEY.
- \*No. 98. STRANGERS AND FOREIGNERS ; Translations from the  
French, Italian, and German. By LOIS SAUNDERS.
- \*No. 99. THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME; A Symphony—IN THE  
SLEEP OF THE SUN. By STANHOPE BAYLEY.
- No. 100. IMAGINARY SONNETS OF TASSO TO LEONORA.  
By ALICE LAW.

\* \* *Other Volumes in preparation.*



- \*No. 22. MOORLAND SANCTUARY, AND OTHER  
POEMS. By R. H. LAW.
- \*No. 23. WAYFARING BALLADS AND SONGS. By  
TINSLEY PRATT.
- \*No. 24. CUBIST POEMS. By MAX WEBER. (Also an  
*Edition de Luxe*, 5s. net.)
- \*No. 25. SAILOR TOWN: SEA SONGS AND BALLADS.  
By C. FOX-SMITH.
- No. 26. VINELEAVES: OBSERVATIONS ON THE  
LAWS OF LIFE. By ARTHUR LEWIS.
- No. 27. SOME SLINGS AND ARROWS FROM JOHN  
GALSWORTHY.
- No. 28. SONGS OF BRITTANY. By THEODORE BOTREL.  
Done into English by G. E. MORRISON. With  
Foreword by EDGAR PRESTON.
- No. 29. BROKEN RAYS. By STANHOPE BAYLEY.
- No. 30. A NEW DECALOGUE, WITH THE ELEVENTH  
COMMANDMENT.
- No. 31. THE NAVAL CROWN. By C. FOX-SMITH.

\*\* *Other Volumes in preparation.*

*A complete list of the first hundred volumes may be had on application.*

## The Savile Series

Demy 18mo. Boards. 1s. net.

- No. I. THE SONG OF A WOMAN. By MRS. GEORGE  
CRAN.
- No. II. VERSES BY THE WAY. By M. H. BOURCHIER.
- No. III. SIMON DEAN, AND OTHER POEMS. By  
SANDYS WASON.
- No. IV. LYRICS, AND OTHER VERSES. By G. R.  
MALLOCH.
- No. V. REULLERA. By ISAAC GREGORY SMITH, M.A.
- No. VI. POEMS. By MICHAEL HESELTINE.
- No. VII. TEMPER. By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.
- No. VIII. HELEN'S MIRROR, AND OTHER POEMS.  
By ELIZABETH WESTERMAIN.
- No. IX. THE SONG OF THE FIVE, AND OTHER  
POEMS. By CECIL GARTH.

\*\* *Other Volumes in preparation.*

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET, W.

# The Satchel Series

Foolscap 8vo. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; Wrapper, 1s. net.

- No. I. THE VIEWS OF CHRISTOPHER. [Second, Third, and  
Fourth Series.]
- No. II. LONDON ETCHINGS. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
- No. III. ADMISSIONS AND ASIDES. By A. ST. JOHN  
ADCOCK.
- No. IV. PAPER PELLETS. (Humorous Verse.) By JESSIE  
POPE.
- No. V. THE FANCY. By JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.  
With Prefatory Memoir and Notes by JOHN  
MASEFIELD. Illustrated by JACK B. YEATS.
- No. VI. THE SHADOW SHOW. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
- No. VII. SONGS OF GOOD FIGHTING. By E. R. WHITE.
- No. VIII. EARLY VICTORIAN PAPERS. By E. S. P.  
HAYNES.
- No. IX. AIRY NOTHINGS. (Humorous Verse.) By JESSIE  
POPE.
- No. X. BUCCANEER BALLADS. By E. H. VISIAK.
- No. XI. FLINTS AND FLASHES. By E. H. VISIAK.
- No. XII. THE PHANTOM SHIP. By E. H. VISIAK.
- No. XIII. PAGES ASSEMBLED. A Selection from the  
Writings, Imaginative and Critical, of FREDERICK  
WEDMORE.

\* \* *Other Volumes in preparation.*

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET, W.



**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY**

**Los Angeles**

**This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.**

Smith -  
Naval crown

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 562 013 3

PR  
6037  
S64n

